

MAY 10c

# WORLD WAR III

ACE

THE WAR THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN  
IF AMERICA REMAINS STRONG AND ALERT



Editorial Note: Our reason for publishing this shocking account of World War III is hardly made clear. America—and the world—must be awakened to grim facts. The only way to prevent such mass destruction is to prepare now. Getting less than a super-strong, fully alert America can kill this tragicomic sense of the future.) The Editors

# JET JAMMERS' JAMBOREE

IN THAT FATEFUL SUMMER OF 1960, AMERICA DIED OUT FROM SHEER A-BOMB ATTACKS AND FRANTICALLY REORGANIZED OUR MEAN HOME DEFENSE. ON WORLD-WIDE FRONTS, U.S. FORCES FIGHTED DE-LAVERING ACTIONS AGAINST THE SWEEPING RED TIDE. OUR COUNTER-OFFENSIVE GOT SLOWLY WORKING WITH A-BOMB RAIDS ON RUSSIAN INSTALLATIONS AND A DIRECT HIT BY A GUDED ATOMIC MISSILE ON MOSCOW. AFTER THE FIRST MASS SOVIET AIR ATTACK ON THE STATES, THERE WAS A LULL. THEN, ONE DAY AT A STRATEGIC COASTAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY...

IS THIS WHAT THEY ALERTED US FOR? ONE LONELY RED L-49 BOMBER! ONE HIT FROM THESE MICRO-ELECTRO ROCKET ACRO-ARMED WILL BLAST HIM TO SMASHEDNESS!

WHAT'S WRONG? OUR ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED ROCKETS ARE BEING DEFLECTED BY SOME FORCE FROM THIS ENEMY PLANE! WE CAN'T HIT HIM! HE'S MOVING RIGHT ON THROUGH OUR CONCENTRATED FIRE!

WE DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR! ALL FIRE-CONTROL UNITS ARE WORKING PERFECTLY!

YET OUR ROCKETS ARE BEING TIRCHED OFF TARGET! TANK HEAVEN! IT'S ONLY ONE ATTACKING BOMBER! IF IT WAS A WHOLE SQUADRON...

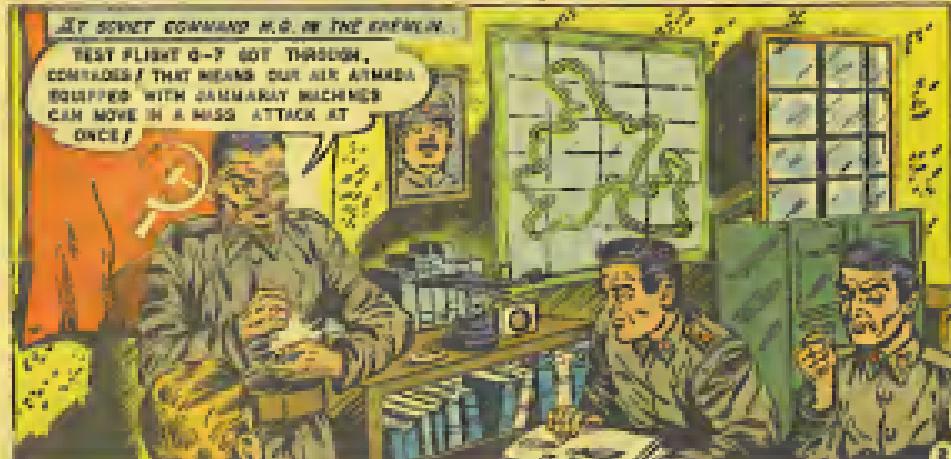
FAIL TO OUR GREAT RUSSIAN INGENUITY, LIEUTENANT! THIS TEST FLIGHT WITH THE NEW JAMMING EQUIPMENT TO DESTROY ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED WEAPONS IS WORKING LIKE A CHARSH! WE FLY ON, UNTOUCHED!

OF COURSE, KAMPOV / WE WILL ALWAYS STAY ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE STUPID AMERICANS!

INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON FORMED TO ATTACK US / BUT WE WILL REACH THE TARGET BEFORE THEY CAN GET TO US!

AMERICAN INTERCEPTORS CLOUDY FOOL TO THE AIR... CAN'T FIGURE HOW THIS RUSSY HENTY BOMBER GOT THROUGH OUR PERIMETER DEFENSES!

WE REACHED 'EM TOO LATE / THEY'VE ALREADY DUMPED A BOMB ON PHILLY!



WHAT AT OUR OWN MILITARY STRATEGIC COMMAND HQ...

THERE'S A PANORAMIC SHOT OF THE FIGHTING IN CENTRAL EUROPE. IT'S CLEAR WHERE WE'RE EQUIPPED WITH ATOMIC ARTILLERY, THE RED ADVANCE IS BEING BLOWN...

SORRY TO BREAK IN, BUT I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FROM AIR DEFENSE...



THE NEWS OF THE LOW RUSSIAN BOMBER IS RECEIVED WITH SIGH ALARM...

WHAT HAPPENED IS OBVIOUS. THE REDS HAVE A MACHINE THAT JAMS THE DIRECTOR-BEAMS OF OUR ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED MISSILES. THE ONE WEAPON WE WERE COUNTING ON TO REPEL NEW RAIDERS...

...AND... AND HOW IT'S USELESS...



NOW THAT THEIR TEST FLIGHT WAS A SUCCESS, WE CAN EXPECT A MASS RAID WITH OUR COASTAL DEFENSES PRACTICALLY HELPLESS. ENOUGH RED RAIDERS WILL EVADE OUR INTERCEPTORS, REACH THEIR TARGETS, TO MAKE THEIR FIRST ATOMIC STRIKE SEEM LIKE A PICNIC...



BUT THE COUNTRY CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE SUCH DEVASTATING ATOMIC ATTACKS...



WE HAVE ONE LAST-DITCH AERIAL DEFENSE WEAPON, THE OPERATION OF WHICH CANNOT BE FOILED UP BY ANY RUSSIAN DIVIDE - BECAUSE IT IS HUMANLY OPERATED. I HAVE YOU TALK WITH COLONEL JEFFERS. HIS UNIT CAN BE READIED FOR ACTION AT ONCE!

AN HOUR LATER, AT A MIDWEST JET INTERCEPTOR AIR FORCE BASE...

...HI, COLONEL JEFFERS. OLD BOYFRIENDS THEY'VE GOT THEM AROUND TO RETURN YOU OLD WAR DOGS FROM THE LAST...

LISTEN, HAL, I YOU AND YOUR JET-JOCKEYS HAVE BEEN GOING TOO FAR, KID. MY BOYS IT'S GOT TO STOP. UNDERSTAND?



YES, SIR, COLONEL. IS THAT AN ORDER, COLONEL, SIR? GUESS YOU OLD HAS-BEENS JUST CAN'T TAKE A LITTLE KICKING!

I BAD CUT IT, HAL. I HATE TO TELL MANK ON MY OWN BROTHER, LEST...



KEEP THE APOLOGIES! IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU OLD GOATS HAVE TO LOSE UP THE AIRMEN WITH YOUR SILLY BANNER PLANES, WITHOUT GETTING SHOTN ABOUT IT, IN THE BARGAIN!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU YOUNG PUNKS!

WE COULD FLY THOSE SUPERSONIC JETS AS GOOD AS YOU BOYCOUTS, IF THE MEDEVAC WOULD LET US FLY! EACH OF US HAS MORE COMBAT TIME THAN ALL OF YOU YOUNG GUYS TOGETHER! WE CAN'T HELP BEING ASSIGNED TO AN EXPERIMENTAL BANNER SQUADRON.



WHEN IT'S WHEEEEEEEE / PERSONNEL OF JET SQUADRON 44 AND BANNER GROUP 3, REPORT TO YOUR READY ROOMS! COLONEL FRED JEFFERS AND MAJOR HAL JEFFERS, REPORT TO ADMINISTRATION BUILDING / ON THE DOUBLE!



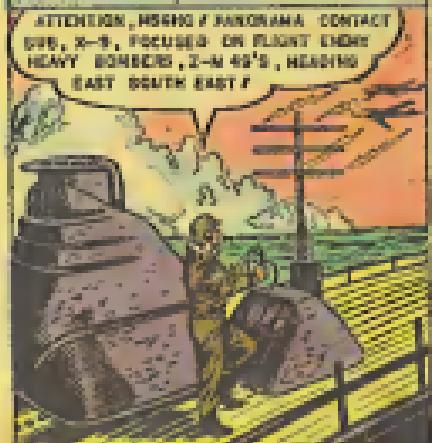
AN ALERT FOR BOTH OUR SQUADRON / I DON'T GET IT, IF IT'S AN ENEMY ATTACK, WHAT DO THEY NEED YOUR BANNER PLANES FOR? OUR INTERCEPTORS CAN HANDLE ANY COMBAT CRATES!

WE'LL SOON BEEF



AT THIS MOMENT, FAR OUT AT SEA...

ATTENTION, MEDEVAC & PANORAMA CONTACT SUE, X-9, FOCUSED ON FLIGHT DECK HEAVY BOMBERS, B-57 49'S, HEADING EAST SOUTH EAST!



GENERAL COMMAND HEADQUARTERS GETS THE PLANE.

THAT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT! AND THE WAY THE MASS-ELECTRIC ROCKETS FROM THE SUN ARE BEING DEFLATED, THAT WHILE THIS SQUADRON MUST BE EQUIPPED WITH THEIR NEW JETMING DEVICE!



THEY'LL COME IN FROM THE  
NORTHWEST, THEIR TARGETS THE  
WAV PLANTS OF NEW ENGLAND,  
NEW YORK AND JERSEY. SUCH A  
BLOW WOULD BE DISASTROUS /  
THEY MUST BE STOPPED /  
IT'S ALL UP TO COLONEL  
JEFTERS AND THE  
INTERCEPTOR GROUP /

WHILE BACK AT THE AIRFIELD . . .

YES, MAJOR, THAT'S THE SETUP / I'VE HEARD YOU AND YOUR BOYS HAVE  
SEEN RIGHS THE HAMMER SQUADRON  
PILOTS. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE  
GOING TO HAVE TO EAT  
CROW, EH ?

FRED'S CLUMSY  
DELTA-WINGED  
HAMMERS, JACKED  
UP A BUNCH OF OLD -  
TIMERS ARE ACTUALLY  
GOING INTO COMBAT /  
OH, NO !

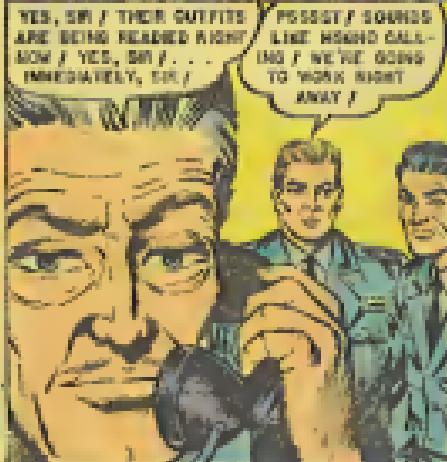
YES, MAJOR / THE COLONEL'S GROUP  
WILL LAY BACK OF YOURS, RAM INTO THE ANSWER  
ANY ENEMY BOMBER THAT GETS  
THROUGH YOUR INTERCEPTORS—  
EXCUSE ME . . . THE PHONE /

I'VE GOT  
TO THAT / MY  
SONS' GONE  
TO IT THAT  
NOTHING GETS  
THROUGH !

YES, SIR / THEIR OUTFITS  
ARE BEING READIED RIGHT  
NOW / YES, SIR / . . .

IMMEDIATELY, SIR /

POSSST / SOUNDS  
LIKE HAMM CALLING  
US / WE'RE GOING  
TO WORK RIGHT  
AWAY !



COLONEL FRED JEFTERS WAS  
RIGHT. FLIGHT PLANS WERE  
IMMEDIATELY OUTLINED  
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER . . .

WELL, KID, WE OLD-TIMERS  
AND OUR FLYING ARROW -  
HEADS ARE GOOD FOR  
SOMETHING !



MUTS ! YOU'LL END  
UP BLOWING SOME  
OF OUR INTERCEPTORS  
BY MISTAKE / THIS IS  
ACTUAL COMBAT—not  
A TEST FLIGHT / YOU  
WON'T EVEN GET CLOSE  
ENOUGH TO THESE  
RUSSY Fliers TO  
BAM 'EM !

WE WON'T BE THE HEROES OF  
THIS BATTLE, MAJOR / THOSE  
HAMMER PILOTS—ANY WHO  
LIVE THROUGH THE BATTLE—  
WILL BE THE WHITE-HAILED  
BOYS / THIS IS PRACTICALLY  
A SUICIDE MISSION  
FOR THEM !

HUH ? WELL  
SHOCK THE REED  
OUT OF THE SKY  
BEFORE THAT  
HAMMER GANG  
FIGURES WHAT  
IT'S ALL ABOUT !



THEY'LL BE A TOUGH  
SHUFFLE, KID! LET'S SHARE  
AND LET BRITCHES BE  
STOOGES! I—WELL—  
AFTER ALL, WE  
MIGHT NOT HAVE  
A CHANCE TO  
MAKE UP, LATER!

DON'T WORRY,  
YOU'LL GET  
BACK! WE WON'T  
BE LEAVING ANY RED  
RAIDERS FOR YOU TO  
PUNY WELL SHOW  
YOUR OUTFIT UP FOR  
THE PIPE DREAM IT  
REALLY IS!

WITH THOSE JET-INTERCEPTORS  
DOING SUCH A BANG-UP JOB,  
HAL'S GOTTA TOO BIG FOR  
HIS BRITCHES! HE'S  
RIDIN' FOR A FALL!

EVERYTHING  
CHECKED, SIR—  
AIR BRAKES,  
DRAG CHUTE,  
EJECTOR SEAT—  
ALL THAT'S GOOD  
LICK, COLONEL!



IN THE LEAD JET PLANE, MAJOR HAL JEFFERS TO  
INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON...

WE'RE GOING TO CIRCLE HIGH, IN FORMATION, GIVE  
THOSE BLOWPIPE RAMMER CRATES A CHANCE TO  
CATCH UP! THEY'RE ALREADY SO FAR BEHIND,  
THEY'LL NEVER...



BUT BEFORE THE MAJOR'S FINE  
HALF THIS IS PROJ/LET'S  
GET GOING! WHAT'RE WE  
WAITING FOR? WE'RE NOT  
A DATE WITH THE COMMIE  
OFF THE NARME COAST!

WHAT  
THE---?  
WHERE DID  
THEY COME  
FROM? HOW?



FORGET IT'S BEEN TOP SECRET UNTIL NOW AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT, HAL! THESE HAMMER JETS ARE EQUIPPED WITH AFTERBURNERS ON THEIR TURBO-JETS, FOR RUSH CATCHING UP SPEED! WANT US TO SLOW DOWN AND WAIT FOR YOU JET JOCKIES?



AFTER THEIR DISPLAY, THE HAMMERS FELL BACK INTO POSITION...

THAT WAS A SORRY, KID! JUST DANGEROUS STUNT, COLONEL! I COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO SHOW YOU WHAT THESE SPY



MEANWHILE, AT MILITARY HIGH COMMAND HQ...

THOSE RED BOMBERS SURE ARE COOL ABOUT THEIR JAMMING EQUIPMENT! LOOKY! THEY'VE MADE NO EFFORT TO AVOID THAT SECTION OF OUR NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET!



THEY'RE ZOOMING RIGHT THROUGH OUR GUIDED-ROCKET FIRE! IN HALF AN HOUR, THEY'LL REACH THE MAIN COAST!

THEN IT'LL BE UP TO OUR INTERCEPTORS AND HAMMERS TO KEEP THE REDS FROM GETTING INLAND! IF EVEN A COUPLE OF THESE BOMBERS GET THROUGH, IT'LL BE A SEVERE BLOW TO OUR HOME MORALE, AT THIS TIME!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER... OVER THE COAST OF MAIN...

HAL! THIS IS FRED! YOU GUYS TAKE FIRST WHACK AT 'EM! WE'LL DO AFTER ANYTHING THAT GETS THROUGH TO 'EM!



HERE THEY COME, BANG BREAK FORMATION SET ON TOP OF 'EM! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, NOW!

ONE MORE BRIGHT! THE GREATEST MASS AERIAL BATTLE OF ALL TIME WAS ON IN ALL ITS THUNDERING, FLAMING, FURY...

**RATATATATAT**



TO MAJOR RAL JEFFERSON'S SURPRISE...

HEY! SOMETHING'S MOWHIRE HOME! WHEN I GET WITHIN FIRING RANGE OF ANY OF THE RUSSYNS, MY MING GUNS JAM UP ON ME!



IN A RUSSIAN FORMATION...

SO! WHEN THEY GET TOO CLOSE, OUR JAMMERSAT MACHINE INTERFERES WITH THE ELECTRICAL CONTROLS OF THEIR MING GUNS! BUT OUR OWN GUNS ARE INSULATED AGAINST IT! WE HAVE THEM AT OUR MERCY WHEN THEY GET TOO CLOSE! DIE, AMERICAN DOGS!

**RATATATATAT**



MACHINERY, IN THE RUSSIAN PLANE FORMATION...

RED PLANE BREAKING OUT OF THE FIGHTING, AT NINE O'CLOCK, COLONEL JEFFERSON: I'LL GET HIM!



HERE GOES, RUBBY! GOT TO REMEMBER TO LOWER MYSELF INTO THE ARMORED FUSELAGE JUST BEFORE I HIT 'EM! THEN PRAY THE AUTOMATIC EJECTOR WORKS!



EEEYAH! AAAAH! AMERICAN FOOL IS GOING TO KILL ME! HE MUST BE MADE! HE'LL BE KILLED, TOO!



THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BARRIER PLANE, WITH HEAVILY STEEL-PLATED NOSE AND LEADING WING EDGES, DOES ITS JOB SENSIBLY /

KNOW / BEING EJECTED AT THE TIME OF IMPACT IS LIKE GETTING SHOT OUT OF THE MOUTH OF A CANNON / MY PART OF THE BATTLE IS OVER NOW /



KILL MAD-DOG YANKEE PILOTS WHO TRY TO ESCAPE AFTER DESTROYING ONE OF OUR PLANES /

ARROUCH!



MAJOR MAX JEFFRIES SAW THE RUSSIANS DOWN THE GUNTRAIL. THE COLD-BLOODED MURDERING BATS / I'LL GET 'EM FOR THAT / IF I FLOOR BLUES INTO THE PILOT'S COMPARTMENT FROM A DISTANCE, MAYBE I CAN KNOCK OUT THEIR JAMMING EQUIPMENT AND GET IN CLOSE /



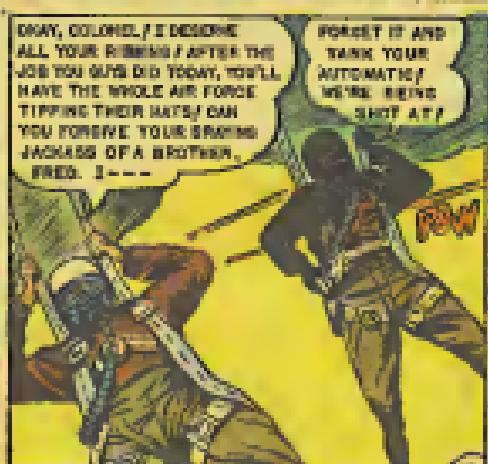
IT WORKED / I GOT IN CLOSE WITHOUT MY MACHINE GUNS JAMMING AND NAILED 'EM / I GUESS THEIR EQUIPMENT JAMS ONLY ONCE: SHELLS, NOT REGULAR LEAD /

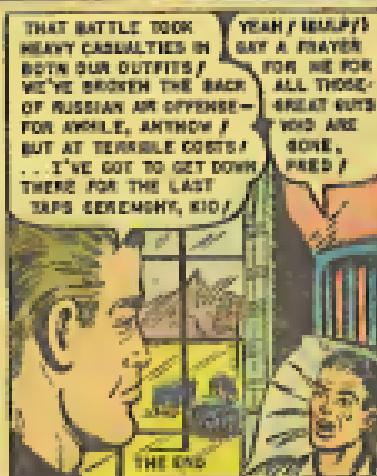


BUT THE REDS CLOSED IN ON HIM . . .

TRAPPED / CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO OF THESE RED DEVILS / THEY'RE MAKING A SIEVE OUT OF THIS CRATE /







THE END

# COMMANDO *in MUFTI*

"HONF! I'VE HEARD ABOUT THESE NEW HIGH-TECH TRANSPORT HELICOPTERS, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN ONE! WHERE ARE THEY TAKIN' US IN THIS OVERHEATED BIG MEATER?"

"DUHNOH! IT'S VERY HUSH-HUSH! WE'LL PROBABLY GET THE DOPE, ONCE WE'RE IN THE AIR!"

SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II, OUR MEN, WORKING WITH SMALL SYNPATETIC UNDERGROUND FORCES OF RUSSIA, HAS BEEN ON AN IMPORTANT AND DANGEROUS MISSION OF ESPIONAGE — TO LEARN THE LOCATION OF THE FEUDS BEHIND A-SOME STOCKPILE. WHEN ONE OF THESE MAJOR STOCKPILES WAS FINALLY LOCATED, ESPECIALLY TRAINED SPY PARATROOPERS AND A SMALL GROUP OF CIVILIAN RESIDENT INTELLIGENTS WERE ORDERED INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION FROM A NORTH AFRICAN BASE.

The commando-crew worked hawkeyed, looking...

"WHEREVER THIS OUTFIT IS HEADING, THEY'RE IN FOR SOME HEAVY ACTION BY THE LOOKS OF ALL THIS BIG STUFF THEY'RE TOTIN' WITH 'EM!"

...to the base of the giant pyramid.

"HEY, LOOK, GUYS! CIVILIANS! WHAT KIND OF A GAS IS THIS? WE GONNA ON A PICNIC OR SUMMUN?"

"KNOCK IT OFF! THESE GUYS ARE... UH... NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS / ATOMIC SCIENTISTS, TO YOU DUMB HUSS!"

A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE GRANDMA OF TH-407,  
TRANSPORT HELICOPTERS, ROSE FROM THE FIELD.

LIEUTENANT, I THOUGHT THESE THINGS  
WERE JET-PROPELLED ! THIS IS JUST  
LIKE RIDING AN ELEVATOR !



TIRES! SOMEBODY GO BACK AND GET MY STOMACH COCKTAIL SHAKER ZOOMS LIKE A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT BUT IT CAN RISE FROM— AND SET-DOWN ON A DIME !



NOT THAT WOULD BE THE EASY WAY !  
WE'RE DOWN IN THE ARMY WAY ! WE GOT TO  
KNOCK OUT THE DEFENDING TROOPS, CAPTURE  
THOSE TUNNELS AND THEN LET THE BRAIN-  
BOX SCIENTISTS REMOVE PARTS FROM  
THE RUSS' A-BOMBS TO FIGHTER  
JETS ! USELESS !

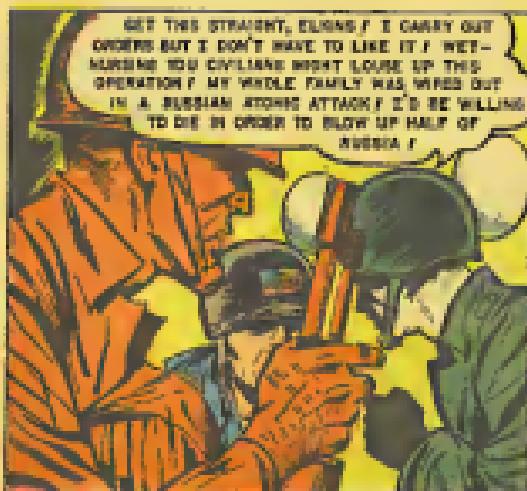
DON'T YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT, LIEUTENANT JACK ?  
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT ! IF TROOPS JUST  
RANDED IN THERE AND BLASTED  
THOSE BOMBS, NOT A MAN  
WOULD GET OUT ALIVE ! THIS WAY, SOME WILL  
GET BACK !

YEAH ? HUH ?

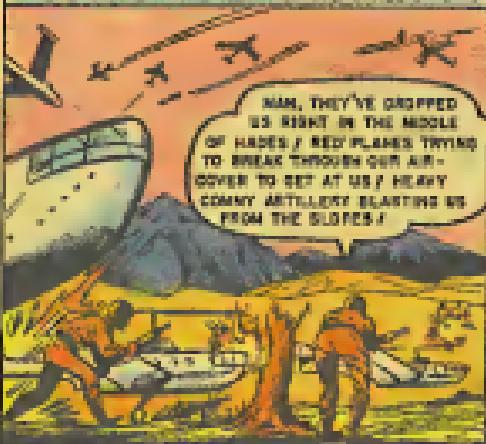


GET THIS STRAIGHT, ELIJAH / I CARRY OUT ORDERS BUT I DON'T HAVE TO LIKE IT / I'VE BEEN TALKING TO YOU CIVILIANS RIGHT LOWDOWN THIS OPERATION / MY WHOLE FAMILY WAS KILLED OUT IN A RUSSIAN ATOMIC ATTACK / I'D BE WILLING TO DIE IN ORDER TO BLOW UP HALF OF RUSSIA /

WE CIVILIANS WON'T GET IN YOUR WAY, ELIJAH / ONE WRONG MOVE, ONE MOMENT OF HESITATION, COULD MEAN FAILURE OF THE MISSION / YOU GUYS JUST AIN'T TRAINED FOR THIS KIND OF FIGHTING /



TWO HOURS LATER, THE INVASION AIRMASS SET DOWN ON FRONT 3000 OF THE MOUTH OF THE OREGON.



BACK IN THE U.S., THE BRAVE WATCH THIS BIZARRE, RIVAL OPERATION ON THE PARADE-BOARD SCREEN . . .

TALK ABOUT BUSTIN' INTO A HORNET'S NEST / THIS AIRBORNE BATTALION REALLY JUMPED RIGHT INTO IT /

YES / AND MY ONLY SON-IN-LAW, GENE ELIJAH, IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT /

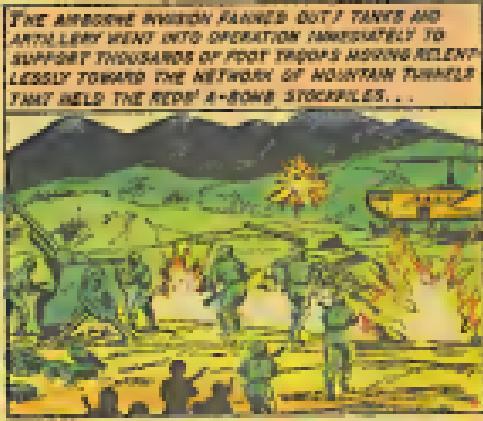


IN THE RUSSIAN FORTRESS, THE FIGHTING GOT MORE FURIOUS . . .

WELL, ELIJAH / DON'T YOU WISH YOU'D STAYED BACK IN YOUR COZY LITTLE LAIR AND LET US GUYS TAKE CARE OF THIS DEAL / AND THIS AIN'T NOTHIN' WHAT'LL WE HAVE TO STORM THE DEFENSES AROUND THE TUNNELS /

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD US COMPLAININ' WHEN YOU DO, YOU CAN SQUAD OFF /





BACK IN THE OLD JOHN COMMAND NO...

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THIS INVASION IS GOING! OUR A-BOMBS BURST SHOULD HAVE WIRED OUT MOST OF THE RESISTANCE! A LOT OF RED TROOPS HADN'T BEEN IN THE TUNNELS, ESCAPED THE BLAST!

OUR TROOPS ARE BEING SLAUGHTERED, GENERAL, AS THEY GET CLOSER TO THE TUNNELS!

WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH NOW TO USE THESE FLAME BOMBS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, ROBERT. A SON IS MORE LIKE YOUR OWN SON THAN A SON-IN-LAW, BUT WITH A LITTLE LOVE, HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

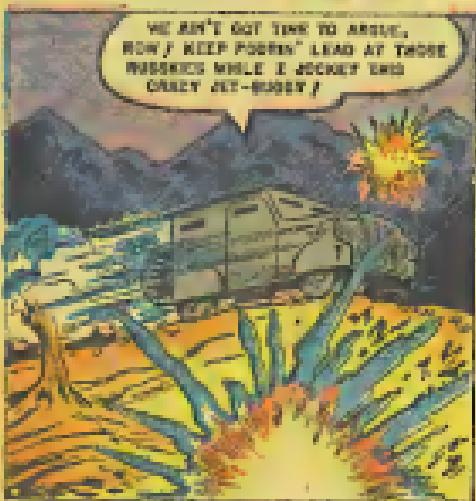
YES, ELKING AND... I TRUST THAT LUCK ACCOMPANIES THEM ALL ON THIS MISSION!

THEY WILL, MAINE IT! THEY'VE GOT TO! IT WILL GET THE REDS BACK FIVE YEARS WITH THEIR RESERVE A-BOMBS MADE USELESS, THE FEW THEY HAVE LEFT WILL HAVE TO BE USED SPARINGLY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, GENERALLY, IT'S UP TO THEM NOW—ELKING AND THE OTHERS!

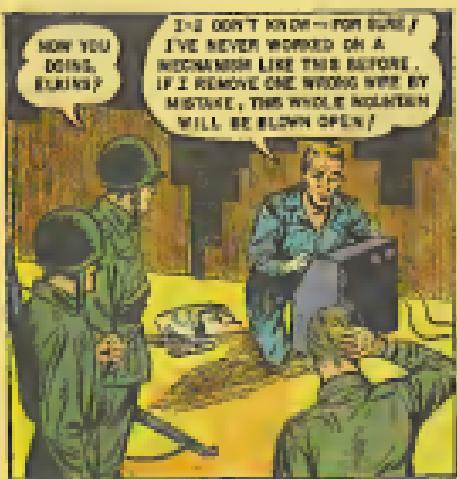


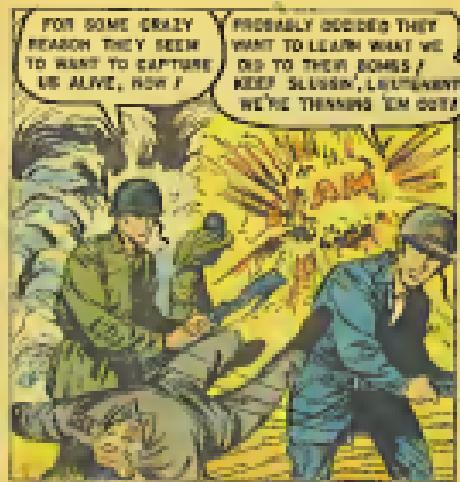
BACK AT THE BATTLE OF THE VOLGA . . .











WHILE THE INITIAL ATTACKS OF THE MASSIVE SECRET WAR MACHINE HAVE BEEN SOMEWHAT BLURRED ON MOST WORLD-WIDE FRONTS, THEIR UNSEEN RAIDS HAVE BEEN STORMING WITH DEVASTATING SUCCESS. SLEEK, ATOMPOWERED BOMBER SPECIALS, HAVE LAUNCHED SHOCK-BOMB ATTACKS ON D.H. BASES IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE. EVERY ATTEMPT BY SEA AND AIR TO DESTROY THE SHREWFEL'S BALTIC BASES HAVE BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL. SO FAR... NOW, IN THE MANY RED BASE...

# DEVIL'S OF THE DEEP

TOO MANY CLOSE CALLS FOR ME ON THIS LAST RAID. CONRAD! THAT ONE FLEET OF U.S. SUB-CHASERS IN THE NORTH SEA ALMOST TRAPPED US!

YES, BUT WE ARE COMPLETELY SAFE HERE IN OUR HIDDEN BASE! OUR STUPID ENEMIES HAVE GIVEN UP TRYING TO BLAST US OUT OF HERE!

BUT THE STUBORN FOOLS NEVER GIVE UP! I'M SURPRISED THEY HAVEN'T TRIED TO GET IN HERE WITH ONE OF THEIR UNDERSEA RAIDERS!

HOW CAN THEY ALL OUT APPROACHED AND PATROLLED AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE BASE ITSELF IS HONEYCOMBED WITH MINES!

AT THAT MOMENT, A FEW MILES OUT, A RED SUB-CHASER FIRES ITS "HEDSONS"...

WE'VE BLASTED THIS WHOLE AREA, CONRAD! MY TURN. SINCE OUR SONAR EQUIPMENT PICKED UP IRREGULARS OF UNDERSEA CRAFT, THEY'RE FINISHED!

BY NO ONE CAN ENTER THESE HEAVILY PROTECTED WATERS!



THE TARGET OF  
THE VENGEFUL U.S.  
S. S. COASTAL  
PATROLS, THE U.S.  
SUBMARINE FOKE,  
SETTLED QUIETLY  
INTO THE MUD  
AS HIGH EXPLO-  
SIONS BLASTED  
ALL AROUND  
IT . . .



INSIDE THE SUB . . .

WHEN ARE THEY  
GOING TO STOP? THEY  
WHY DON'T THEY LEAVE  
US ALONE?

HEY, CAN'T THE REST OF  
YOU FROGMEN SHUT THAT GUY  
OUT OF? HE'S SWIMMING ALL  
THE JETTIES!

BABY, BERT! WE SURVIVED  
NO DIRECT HITS, JUST CON-  
CUSSION! AND THERE HASN'T  
BEEN A BLAST FOR SOME TIME.  
IT MUST BE ABOUT OVER!

YOU OUGHT TO HEAT  
SOME OF THE YELLOW-  
NESS OUT OF HIM  
INSTEAD OF BABYIN'  
HIM, KILCOLLEN!

SHOO IT OFF, JACKSON!  
BERT DAVIS IS AS BRAVE AS ANY  
OF US. JUST NERVOUS. THAT'S  
ALL. I ONCE HE BETS DAVIS TO  
GROWAT, HE'LL BE GREAT!

TH-THANKS, MIKE. I  
THY J-J-JUST DON'T  
UNDERSTAND F

NERVOUS, MY EYE! THAT  
DOVS GUY HAS BEEN CHICKEN  
SINCE HE JOINED THE UNDER-  
WATER DEMOLITION CORPS. IF  
MIKE KILCOLLEN DON'T COVER  
FOR HIM, HE'D HAVE WASHED  
OUT LONG AGO!

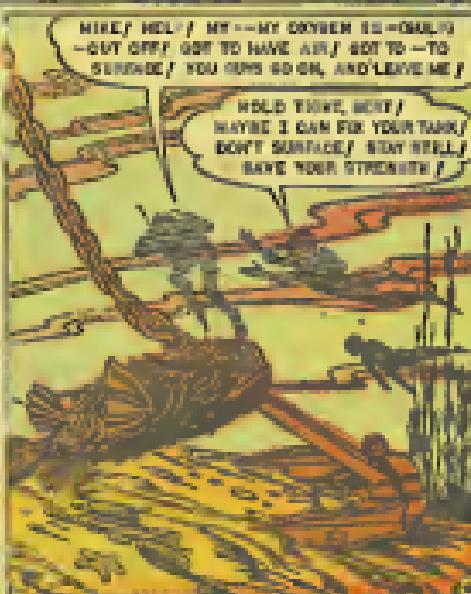
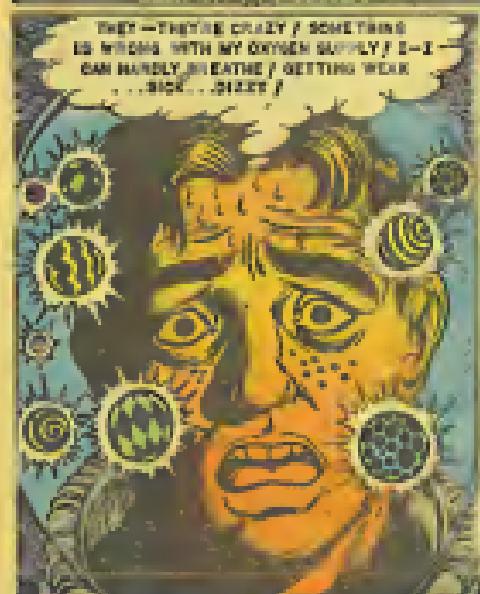
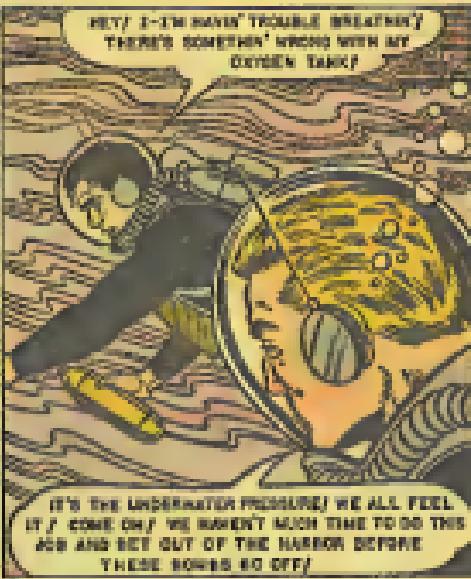
AND A  
YELLOW-BELLY LIKE  
THAT CAN ENDANGER US  
ALL ON A DANGEROUS  
MISSION LIKE THIS ONE!

SOMETIMES I THINK MAYBE  
THEY'RE RIGHT, BERT! MAYBE  
YOU'D BETTER NOT GO ON THIS  
JOB! IF YOU LOSE YOUR HOME  
IN ENEMY TERRITORY . . .

NO, NO, MIKE! I'VE GOT  
TO GO—PROVE TO MYSELF  
AS WELL AS ALL OF YOU,  
I'M NO COWARD!







HOLD STILL FOR JUST ANOTHER  
SECOND, KID! I THINK I'VE FOUND  
THE TROUBLE / A VAPOR STICK /



IT ISN'T GETTING ANY  
BETTER / HE'S TRYING TO KID  
ME, KEEP ME FROM SIGHTING,  
GETTING 'EM ALL IN DANGER /  
SO—HE'S GOIN' TO LET ME  
SUFFOCATE / I CAN'T /

WAIT / STOP! COME  
BACK, YOU JERK! I JUST  
ABOUT HAD IT FIRED!



NO! NO CAN'T  
STAND ANOTHER SECOND  
OF THIS SUFFOCATION /  
GOT TO HAVE AIR /

THE YELLOW LITTLE RAT  
WILL SET US ALL KILLED /  
I'LL STOP HIM!



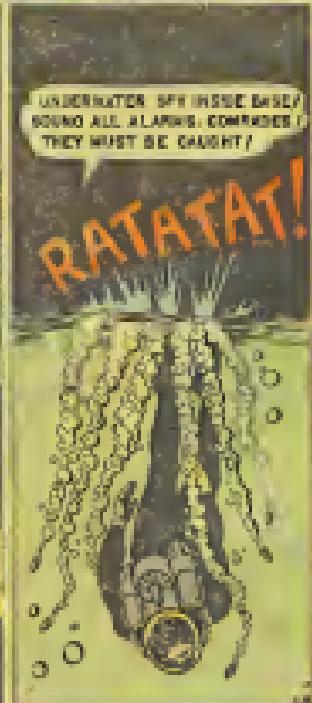
NO! THAT ANIMAL IS GOING  
TO KILL ME INSTANTLY  
MAYBE HE CAN GET SOME  
AIR AND FIX HIS OWN  
TANK. WITHOUT BEING  
SPOTTED BY COMMIE  
SENTRIES!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS,  
CRAPPY! WHEN YOU PUT THAT  
CHICKEN-HEARTED LITTLE BRAKE'S  
LIFE BEFORE THE REST OF US—  
THAT'S TOO MUCH! HE'S GOT  
TO BE STOPPED!



GOOD! AIR—  
PRECIOUS AIR! I  
AWN WHEW! I CAME UP  
RIGHT INTO THE BLAZE OF  
A SHORE SPOTLIGHT!



UNDERWATER SPY INSIDE BASE/  
ROUND ALL ALARMS, COMMIES!  
THEY MUST BE CAUGHT!

RATATAT!

THEY'VE SPOTTED HIM!  
YOU GONE HEAD FOR THE SEA/  
USE YOUR MOTORS! GET  
GOIN' FAST!

LEAVE ME ALONE, MIKE!  
I—I DESERVE TO DIE  
AFTER—

CHIEF, COME BACK!  
LOOK AT THE GUY! EVEN NOW,  
HE'S GONE TO TRY AND SAVE  
THAT CREEP, DAVIS!

BUSHWHACKIN' IT'S TOO GOOD FOR  
YOU! YOU ARE A GREATH' COYARD, LIKES  
THAT BOSS! AND I'M GETTIN' YOU OUT OF  
THIS JUST SO I CAN PERSONALLY SEE  
YOU STAND GOURT-MARTIAL!

THE NEXT INSTANT, UNDER-  
WATER FOGGEMENTS ALLO-  
LATED EVERY IRON OF THE  
SUB-BASE, AS A HAILSTORM  
OF METAL LEAD BIT AT THE  
WATER AND...

RAWAHAT!

ME—ME'S DEAD! DEAD! I'VE KILLED  
MY PAL, YOU CONNIVIN' RATS! THE—THE ONLY  
FRIEND I EVER HAD, THE ONLY GUY WHO  
BELIEVED IN ME! I—TELL 'EM YOU  
FOR THAT!

THEY GOT BUCOLLEN AND  
DAVIS WAS GONE, HAYWIRE, IS  
SWIMMING RIGHT TOWARD THOSE  
GUNS AND LIGHTS!

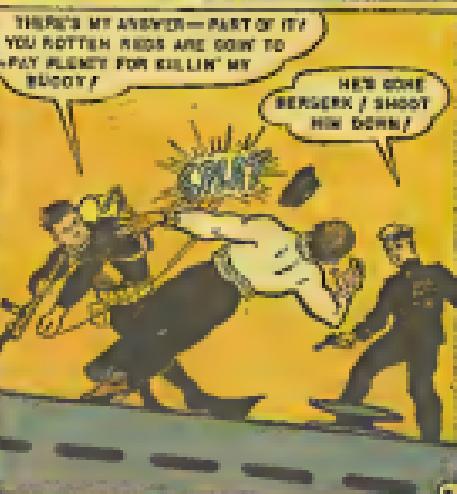
TEAM AND THOSE UNDERWATER  
FLOODLIGHTS SEE US LIT UP LIKE GOLD-  
FISH IN A BOWL! THIS IN-SCREEN STUFF  
IS OUR ONLY CHANCE! HEAD BACK  
FOR OUR OWN SEE, HEY!

EVEN THOUGH MIKE IS DEAD, I'VE GOT TO PROVE I'VE GOT GUTSY AT LEAST THE OTHER'LL KNOW HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT ME, IF I CAN MAKE THIS TRICK WORK!

HOLD YOUR FIRE / I SURRENDER / I GIVE UP!



HOLD YOUR FIRE, SVENTIK! SPINN AMERICAN DOG WANTS TO SURRENDER! IF WE TAKE HIM ALIVE, WE GET VALUABLE INFORMATION!



LEADER TURNS HIS STICKS OUT ON THE PADS,  
AND THE SPECTATORS CATCH HIS STICKS, WHICH ARE

GET THIS SHREWD ALI TO MYSELF  
NOW! IF I CAN SHOOT OUT SOME OF  
THOSE UNDERWATER FLOODLIGHTS, MAYBE  
IT'LL HELP THE OTHER GUYS ESCAPE!

ONE OF 'EM? I WISH MIKE  
COULD SEE ME NOW! I - I  
GUESS IT TOOK THE SHOCK OF  
HIS DEATH TO MAKE ME FORGET  
MY FEAR . . . TO MAKE A MAN  
OUT OF ME . . .

## THE AIR SHOW ARMY ARRIVED DOWNTOWN...

PHANTOMS HAVE CAPTURED ONE OF  
OUR SWIMMERS—ARE TURNING ITS GUN  
ON US / BLAST IT OUT OF THE  
WATER, COMRADES /

MAYBE I CAN  
SEND A FEW MORE COMMIE  
RATS TO THEIR OWN PRIVATE HELL  
BEFORE THEY GET ME!

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WE MADE IT, ALL RIGHT /  
BUT = HEY=LOOK / ONE OF THE  
SHARKS HAS TURNED ITS  
GUN ON THE SHORE BATTERIES /  
COULD THAT BE DAVIS ?

IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE,  
BUT IT MUST  
BE SOMETHING. THE  
CRAZY JUNK'S CAPTURED  
ONE OF THEIR SUBS!

THEY'VE GOT THE NAME / NEXT  
BLAST WILL BLOW THE SHOVEL  
IN BOTH DIRECTIONS /



BACK AT THE U.S. SHIP . . .

I GUESS WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SHARE DAVID'S HATE AND TELL HIM TO TAKE EVERYTHING BACK, NOW THAT HE ---- HEY! DO YOU GUYS HEAR WHAT I HEAR?



SHOT, FIRE! WAIT UP FOR ME . . . SAY! I GOT OUT OF THE HARBOR, SAFELY! CAN YOU HEAR ME, FREE?

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER . . .

CONGRATULATIONS, DAVID! THE MEN OF THE FIRE TAKE WAS COLLAPSED. THEIR HATE WAS SOLELY DEDICATED TO YOU!

THANK YOU, DAVID! BUT IT WAS COLLAPSED. MORE VOLCANIC CRATE! IT WASN'T FOR HIM, WHO PROBABLY NEVER BEEN ANYTHING BUT A YELLOW LITTLE LOUSE!

